It's the old tale, familfarity breeds co.

strident tone. "Take the case which hap

pened a few weeks ago: A commercial traveler in our line, while at a big ter-

minal station, wished to send a wire to his arm. What did he do but go to the

telegraph office and put his bag on the floor while he scribbled his wire at the counter. When he had finished he turn-

ed round and found that his bag had

vanished. Apparently it never struck

this very smart traveler that any station is unger would take advantage of so

with light bair and blue pince-nez "ac-

ace showed any I cumation in that direc

"There's me. I've represented Shoburn

and Company, of Hatton Garden, for fif-teen years, and during that period have

never lost a cent's worth of goods. I al-

ways recognize the possibilities of the

case-what might happen. No matter where I happen to be, the brown leather

handbag that has carried tens of thous

ands of dollars' worth of stones is always kept in sight and within easy reach. When

the table before me. I take no risks."

ce-nez in a somewhat awed voice.

Just then one of the club waiters an

"Well," said he, rising out of the eas-lest chair in the smoking room, "you may

ay our bottom dollar that what I have

They will be as safe as if in the strong room at the Bank of England.

Then conversation gradually languish-

ed, as it often does in club smoking

ooms, and each man sat in slience, an-

parently absorbed in the serious occupa

on of puffing out volumes of tobacco

One of them, however, who sat a little

no part in the conversation, to which he had been perforce a listener, as his per-

isal of the evening papers was rendered

mpossible so soon as the talking began.

Now, he had other things to think of. Nobody at the club knew exactly who

e was. That he had been an "army

Just now, however, the present occu

y. Since his dismissal from his old reg-ment, his fortunes had been depressing,

o say the least. When the income

amounts to nil, a state of pecuniary em-barrassment is sure to be right at hand.

Such was the position in which the ex-aptain found himself, and such had been

nature of his thoughts, when idly list

ning to the strident bragging of the dia-

sond traveler, an idea-daring in its naure-had flashed across his mind. So far, with all his failings-which wer

nany-he had never wandered into the

asion was too tempting. He must either

retrieve his fortunes or sink altogether;

Counting over the metable actions of

the traveling Balderton on the following

day, he came to the conclusion that he would have the best chance of success

when that personage lunched. He knew

day "snack," a little-known restaurant,

ty. The scheme was extremely daring.

whole line of action was clear and decid

ed upon, and he made his way to his cooms bent on performing a deed, the

very boldness of which was its aurest

Mr. Horatlo Balderton sat in the lunch

respectable place just off Oxford Street

here were only two others in the room

besides himself. This suited Halderson however. He had chosen the place be

ause it was never crowded: it seeme

eft hand, he sat to work on the roas

plendid appetite combined with a keep

He was just getting into his stride, as

were, when the glass door at the lowe

nd of the room swung open and admitted

gentleman clad in strict, if somewhat

threadbare cierical attire, whose long white locks and furrowed face betokened

him to be well past the prime of life. In

his hand he carried a small handbag and

some half a dozen magazines of the "re

Hesitating a moment, he then walker

ione alongside that at which the com-

mercial man sat. Balderton stopped eating

moment and eyed the aged cleric severe

y-even suspiciously. He felt annoya

though what there was about the benev

olent old gentleman, who had by this time hung up his hat and long, official

oat, and sat down at the table, to excit

such a feeling, it would be hard to say

That personage apparently felt no co

meekest possible tone of voice, and then

eening a copy of the "Church Times,

ommenced to scan its columns in a mos

preoccupied way, as if thinking of som-new scheme of "philanthropy," or per

haps of a sermon which was to astoun

Whatever suspicions Balderion had, he

quickly discarded them and returned with

enewed zest to the demolition of the un

fortunate chicken. In fact, he smiled to

his patriarchal neighbor of any but th

most benign intentions. Had he been t

keener in his observation be

have been surprised to notice that th

clerie's handbag was, in appearance, the

clish for the good things of life

afer, and safety was very much desired

ut he had never lacked courage

sen for its quietness and respectabil-

possibly continue.

or ugham was in readiness below

is sleek, well-clothed figure.

ways on the shooting-iron

lunch at midday, the bag is placed on

his foot by the bag as a safeguard.

have kept his eye on it there."

put in the small-featured man

nising a situation."

## The Yellow Flag

a man of many experiences; but a fresh one came to him when Silas Z. Crackston proposed for his daughter Susan. It was not only that Mr. Crackston was a millionaire—in pounds, not dollars—but the captain had never previously had such a suggestion made to him; and the suitor's manner was unconventional, at

least from a Britisher's point of view.
"Say, skipper," the American said on evening, as the two paced the bridge-deck together after dinner; "say, skipper, that's a daisy gurl of yours you have I'd rather have done it that way, fur I about the trief of the property of the property

aboard this trip."
"She's been well brought up," assented Martin; "though I've had anxious times about her since I lost her poor mother; but you are a widower yourself, Mr Crackston, and know what that means to

"Your bet," the other answered with more feeling than the words seemed to imply; "but when I get down to bed-rock of the thing I reckon I'm not sorry some-times my Priscilla didn't leave me chick nor child. She was a plain woman, was frame of mind. Priscilla; and I calculate my cash and her babies would have been a tough team to

drive tegether nowadays,"
The sallor laughed, "Well," he retort-"I know nothing about that, never having had money enough to make trou-ble that fashion. If I had, Susan would know well enough how to handle any she. had to do with. She's all there, though I

guessed that," Crackston answered in his deliberate drawl, "which is just why I think, captain, me and you might have a bit of a deal about her." The other flicked the ash of his clear

over the rall, and stared at his compan-ion, but did not answer. The master of a ship carrying millionaire passengers soon "I guess," the speaker continued in a

perfectly level voice, "you'd be glad, now, to see Miss Susan well married, and settled down?" "That's so," replied the skipper; "it's in the natural order of things. Not but

that I'd be sorry to lose her." concurred the millionaire, "that's the right thing to say; but you see I'm on the other side of the fence-I've made my pile, and a fairish one, too as you know, captain-and I rather reckon what I want now is a wife with tonto help spend my income. And I think Miss Susan's just the gurl to do it, and get value for it every time.

"That's my notion, captain. I'd settle what you'd please on her; and if you'd a fancy to drop the sea and start shipowning ashore, I guess there ain't no im-pediment to the money she'd have bein' put into shipping. Is it a deal?"

Martin was much perturbed. A better match financially he could hardly hope for, and, spite of the pressic way in instincts had led him to put the matter, he knew the American for a man who would make an indulgent husband for his daughter. But there were difficulties, and

I never took stock in family myself," the other continued, noting his doubt; "but if that's in your mind I calculate it's obtainable. There was a man of my name in the Mayflower; and, if you say the word. I'll send an order to the right try they hold, and get a pre-emption on the family estates if so be Susan has notion to be lady squiress. You can count on Silas Z. every time, captain."
"Tisn't that," Martin said at length;

"and if she chose to take you I wouldn't "I jump," interpolated the American, quickly; "there's another man?"

wouldn't say just outright; but I

Crackston was all alertness. "Then he's got to be worked. I'm not the kind to let a little thing like that stand in

brought his strong face and square shoul- | be none other than the Gaelie ders out in vivid relief against the black-

ness beyond them. "Chief Officer Hazlett, is it?" commented he Yankee widower, "Waal, captain, with your permission, I'll get his views when he comes off duty and talk to you n afterward. When Silas Z. is sot on & thing he goes right through with it." Captain Martin could not well object. and he had an idea it would be no use if he did. Accordingly, when Hazlett came below, he found his room occupied by Crackston, and by the odor of the re-

parkably fine cigar that gentleman was half-smoking, half-chewing. A steward was setting upon the folding table a botof Pommery '93, and the mate expos "That'll be in order." explained the pas-

"I reekon the skipper knows I want a word with you, and that it would The steward opened the wine and dis-

together with his cigar case, to the officer. "I guess," he said, "you know who I

Haglett, used as he was to the ecce tricities of wealthy passengers whom it was part of his business, if possible, to please for the sake of the ship's reputa-

I should," he replied. "You've cros often enough in ships I've been in, Mr. Crackston; though I can't recollect you ever came after me before," he added,

Now," responded the visitor, "that's husiness; and I'm here on business. never came after you, Mr. Hazlett, be

cause it was never worth my while. Now it is. Silas Z. always tarks straight." the mate, taking mental measure of his guest; "so, as I'm for duty again at e bells, and want to turn in, I'll be glad if you'll tell me what you want "

replied the American, admiringly, "and I'll not keep you. You hold some stock," he went on, looking the other in the face, "in Miss Susan Martin?"

Haglett's manner stiffened. There was a limit beyond which even a milli he held up his glass as he spoke. and I think, Mr. Crackston, it has possi-

"Not a touch," returned Crackston, cheerfully, "but I guess you don't like Miss Susan coming into this. No more do I; but she is the business I'm here abo What business have you with her?"

demanded the mate, botly. you. I rather calculate I may marry as ell as yourself?"

Haziett could not trust himself to speak. and the millionaire proceeded: "Want-to some to biz. You hold stock in Miss Susan; I want to. What's your figure?" "I think," snapped the sailor, "you'd best go out before I fire you out. I

'Hully ghee!" the visitor interrupted, of ever I encountered the same as you Britishers. If there's one thing sure and all creation it is that every man has his figure, and here you flare like an oll-burst when I ask yours. I told you

Insistently.

"And I tell you we'll do none," asserted Harlett, holding himself in.

"Great Knox' How d'ye know that till I tell you what I'll offer. See you here," and the next though on each several a month as a Minister. He gets £200 a month as a spy."—London Express.

book from his pocket, and signing his name, with a fountain pen he also prefill in what you like above that, and drop Miss Suzan. That's a fair bid."

"No, sir," thundered Hazlett, in amazefor every penny of the pile I'm told you're

vorth," Crackston did not move a muscle. don't misilke you; but you've refused, and I reckon you'll find Silas Z. 'll make things uncomfortable for you now in get-

ejaculated the younger man, "get out of this- and do your worst. I'm "I didn'i may you wanted grit," answer

ed the other imperturbably; "but it takes a tiptop mun to best Silas Z." Then nodding a benign farewell, he took himself off, leaving the sailor in no very pleasant Harlett's uneasiness proved only to

well founded. A week or so after the Gaelle reached port he received a curt notice of dismissal from the service. The overlooker, a friend of his, confided to him the reason for this.

"You see," that gentleman said, "you've of someone's back up last crossing; and I wouldn't wonder if it was the man they call the Cattle King Crackston. He was about the office more than a bit anyhow; he's a big shipper, and has shares in the line besides. Don't on say I told you."

Hazlett left him, wondering where the next blow would fall. It came when he met Susan in the street quite by chance.
"Oh, Tom!" she greeted him with softened eyes, "I am waiting for father, and an only speak to you for a minute. I ave been wishing to see you." He pressed her hand, which he had

aken, and she pulled it away. "Don't." she said; "you must not."

my more," she said, turning away her face. "Father says so."
"But what do you say?" he queried, trying to eatch her averted eyes. Sud-

dealy these were turned full upon him. "What can I say?" she retorted. "That horrid old man is so kind in giving me heaps of things, and father says I can't

"Can't refuse?" Haziett exclaimed.

"Here is father," she interrupted, "I must go," and rushed off, although her lover, whose sight was keen enough, lover, whose sight was keen enough, could see no person at all resembling his That Susan would prove true Hazlett

believed; but he gathered also from this somewhat cryptic conversation that her elderly wooer's tactics were having some effect, and that if he was to oust his ri val he would have to set his wits to work. Meantime, the first thing was to secure another ship. When that was done he could approach Captain Martin, if not with confidence, at least with a definite proposal for the lady's hand. But a com-mand was hard to procure, and the Gaelic had sailed again erc Hazlett got a berth. Moreover, he learned that both his sweetheart and the millioniare had gone West with her, whilst gossip added they were to be married when the liner next

The Diver, of which Captain Martin's whilem mate was appointed master, was a wall-sided tramp boat of some 600 tons register, and his first voyage in her was from the Bristol Channel to Ponta Delgada in the Azores with coal. The employment was distasteful enough to him, but it was always employment; and as his new charge wallowed her away out into the Atlantic he felt happier than he had done since leaving the Gaette. Moreover For answer Captain Martin glanced up third day out, his first officer roused him to the flying bridge above them, where his at daylight to report a big liner ahead, chief mais was keeping watch and ward.

Bying signals asking for assistance, Haz-He was noting something on the log slate lett jumped for the bridge, from which

A boat from her put off as the Diver ap proached, and Hazlett shook hands with the officer in charge of it as he stepped over the raft.

"Hullo! old man," the arrival exclaied, "this is a little bit of all right to find you here. Are you the skipper?"
"I'm all the skipper there is on this box o' bricks," Haxlett answered. "What's

"Propeller gone," replied the other con cisely; "fouled some wreckage last night. Skipper wants a pull into Queenstown." "Come into my room," said Haglett "I'll need some particulars. You'rehomeward bound again, I suppose," he went on when they had entered the captain's

"Are you full?" "Chock-a-block, both in the holds and cabins. She is good salvage. Old Crackston the 'Cattle King,' is with us too, and the skipper has his daughter with

Hazlett's face lit up. "You and I were always good friends, Renshaw," he re marked; "will you do me a turn now?" the other responder heartily, "and call it square when you

"I'll give you a measure about that . Captain Martin. All I want you to do for me is to hoist the yellow flag on the Renshaw thought a minute. "I don't know your game," he said at length; "bu you always were a white man, and you'll

e me straight if there's any trouble "That'll be right," Hazlett said, co mencing to pen a note as he spoke. "Yo ots;" and finishing the missive. handed it to the messenger, who duly de

When Captain Martin perused it he said quartermaster to ask Mr. Crackston to step up to chartroom.

"See, here," he exclaimed when the millionaire arrived. "It is not usual to con-sult passengers in a case like this; but as you have got me by the mess-why, you're best know it," and he flung him Hazlett's

The American grinned as he read if 'Great snakes!" he ejaculated when he had mastered the contents; "but I held up all along he had grit." "Yes," retorted the wrathful skipper "but that don't help me out of the hole

Says he'll tow me in for salvage to be settled in court provided I marry him to Susan before the ropes are passed. What "Wani, skipper," the other drawled, "I raither calculate I'm one of 'em, and I'll

tell you what to do. The young man may be grit all through; but I guess he ain't on top of Silas Z jist yet." The captain was slient, and Mr. Crack ston continued. "Send him along a polite

he went on, "to say his term you'll wait till another boat happens this way, with a skipper that's married al Captain Martin demurred; but the in fluence of the millionaire overbore his

scruples, and the letter was despatched.

The boat carrying it had not been five minutes alongside the Liver when that craft dipped her ensign by way of fare-I was here on business," he concluded, well, and proceeded on her voyage.

"Good lands!" ejaculated Crackston

lutely refused to take notice of the nals of the Gaelie-all, that is to say save one, which flew a message to the effect that the liner's plight should be re ported to the health authorities at the

"What d'you make of that?" Captain There was a short pause, during which the speaker slowly blew out a cloud of Martin demanded of his friend. should he report us to the health peo "Sheer carelessness," he resumed in

The "Cattle King" pondered before replying: then suddenly his eye caught a trail of black smoke circling round the

orison ahead of the liner.
"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "but he has scored after all. He's roping us in, skipperwarning all that come along we are an infected ship. He has his eyeteeth all cut, has Hazlett," the American added admiringly: "but you hold on, Cap. He can't split himself into two or three, and something 'Il slip past him without information-you bet your bottom dollar on

This prophecy proved correct. Next morning a steamer flying Italian colors bore down upon the Gaelic, signaling an offer of assistance; but close behind it

ame the Diver again. "Now our slock's topside," chuckled rackston, and watched anxiously whilst a boat from the liner dipped and rose ver the rollers toward the new-comer.

Suddenly the hoot of Hazlett's siret drew the Italian's attention to the Diver from whose masthcad there burst a glow of yellow bunting so significant to sailors of insidious danger. A minute later a packet of similar cloth climbed the fore signal halyards of the disabled liner, jerked spasmodically at the truck, and steam ed out into a gigantic quarantine flag. Al-most before it had reached its full extent there was a swirl of white at the stern of the foreigner, and in five minutes more that craft was speeding away from the supposed infected Gaelic as fast as her ngines would drive her.

When Captain Martin saw the yellow flag flying above his own ship he spoke buridly, and had it hauled down at once; out the damage was done, and Crackston

ecognized it. "I calculate, skipper," he said to Martin, "it ain't any use your swearin', Silas Z. Isn't often bested; but he knows when he is, an' takes his beating standing Have you told Miss Susan what this young man's terms are?" "Never told her even who was the skip

per sent them," Captain Martin answered gruffly. "Why should I?" "Now I admire!" exclaimed the American. "She's got to agree to them, I guess

or we'll float here long enough."
"Why didn't you say so before?" at swered the sailor, much aggrieved at his ssenger's changed tone.

"Wasi," said the other deliberately, you see, skipper, every man plays his we hand till the rubber is through. You end for Miss Susan, and leave me settle the stakes. When the girl appeared he went on in

"My dear," he said, fatheriy fashion. "My denr," he sale "are you agreeable to be salved?" "I really don't understand," laughe an, thinking her elderly admirer was oking. "It depends on who does the salv

'Jist what I calculated you'd say," the

American answered. "There's a young man of the name of Hazlett in that steamer out there proposing to take o The girl flushed rostly, "And the terms,

she queried, keeping up the pretence of jocularity to hide her confusion. "He's all alive," answered the million-aire, "or Silas Z. might be talking another way. He isn't taking any chanceshim before he takes the Gaelic's tow

Susan turned to the captain. "What de ou say now, father?" she asked. "Say?" exclaimed the badgered sailor "Seems to me it doesn't count a continental what I say-Mr. 'rackston, here, has mand. Please yourself, and I'l

"Then," said his daughter, turning to rackston, and dropping a demure curtsy will you let Captain Hazlett know I'm she bolted from the chartroom where this

onference had been held. "Now, Cap'n," summed up the Amerian, "you go shead, and hunt up the marriage service for those in peril on en. I'll cross to see this young man, and et him know when Silas Z. climbs down he does it handsome: but, Good Grant man after all."-Chambers' Journal.

Turkey's Spy System. "Feridoun Bey, one of the two Turkish ples just expelled from Paris, has come o London. Where Sinaplan Effendi, the ther, is, I don't know. I should not be

urprised if he were in London, too."

The speaker was All Nouri Bey, exensul General for Turkey at Rotterdam of the Turkish Legitimist party.

He hopes one day to help to dethrone Abdul Hamid and to place Murad back n the throne.

mprisoned in Turkey for seeking to not p to his political convictions. He has ow been sentenced to 101 years' imprisule, he cannot go back to Turkey safely intil 2002. He chatted with an "Express epresentative yesterday, and told trange stories of the expelled Paris sples Turkey facts are stranger than comb

Sinapian Effendt, who is an Armenian was a chief of the spics in Parts. Offi cially he holds a position under the Turk ish Ministry of Public Works, and has the same rank is an ambassador. Feridous Bey was also a chief of spies, although fficially known as the surveyor of sto lents. He and Sinaplan Effendi spen-"Why Ferldoun Bey has come to Lon en, and whethere he will stay, I don't now. Possibly he may be organizing a stem of spies to watch the members of Legitimist party here. It is imma

The Su tan has sples in every capita Europe, and spies traveling about all ver Europe. He wastes more on his sehe whole of the legitimate Turkish budgwhoever else goes unpaid.

"The spies spy on the Legitimists and Young Turks,' but chiefly on each other very Turkish spy is watched by several

ther Turkish spies. They are all humbugs. Whenever there is any plotting going on against Abdul Hamid they never find it out. There are many foreigners among them, chiefly Pol-ish Jews and Armenians. The Armenian in arkey has to be either a revolutionist of

spy. "One of these foreign sples is the spy of he century. He is a Polish Jew who he ame a Christian, took his degree at Cam idge, was ordained a clergyman of the hurch of England, went to Bondad as a ent bankrupt. Now he is a Turkish spy. Brighton solicitor. He is at present in

Another of the Sultan's splex is an Eng lishman, the younger son of a noble fam-ity. His salary is £39 (Turkish) a month. "When Mshmood Damad Pasha came to ondon recently and stopped for a couple of months at the Cecil, a noted Turkish Aarif Bey, the son of the Governor of Constantinople.
"Feridoun has been Minister at Athens,

Rev. J. Rubens might wear a lamb-like expression, but in reality every muscle, nerve and fibre in his body was trained I watchful, ready. In the old days he had

facsimile of his own.

Balderton's Diamonds

He had finished the light refreshment ordered—the moment for action had ar-ived. The waiter had left the apartment r a minute or two. The other two or three occupants of the room had their backs turned toward him. So far every-Slowly he rose to his feet bent down to reach the bag and place it on the chair, then turned around to take down his over-coat and broad-brimmed hat.

He managed it beautifully. Apparently brough the blundering of his aged fingers e dislodged the long mister that hung on he next hook, and down it went, Balderton was engaged in despatching of

class of very fine claret when he suddenly ound his head and shoulders envelopes in a heavy ulster, which had knocked the class out of his hand as it fell and for a time effectually blinded him. That was the precise moment for which lev. Rubens was waiting. Quick as a

flash he seized the coveted bag and ex-

changed it for his own. Next instant he

"'Put his foot in it,' you mean," was the disdainful rejoinder. "I say the man was helping to disengage the luckless dia-mond traveler from the clinging felds of was an idiot. Why did he not put the bag on the counter by his side. He could That individual was quite bewildered er a second or two, the shock had been For a moment the speaker was slient, as so sudden. Then he thought of his pre-cious bag. Ah! thank heaven, it was there safe and sound; there could be no f waiting for a reply. As no one among mistake about that. He breathed freely gain, and his right hand, which had in

> its hold on the ever-ready revolver.
>
> Meanwhile, the cause of all his excite ent was standing close by, making the ost abject apologies, "Oh! how clumsy of me! I am sorry! for disturbing you so. I assure you it was purely an accident. See! I have broken a tumbler. How careless I was to be sure! Pardon me, sir! I assure you it was due to the uncertainty and awk-

finctively gone to his pocket, loosened

"You always carry a revolver, don't ou, Baiderton?" queried he of the blue "O, there's no great damage done," said he disturbed traveler curtly. He was "That's so. I'm no greenhorn, I can assure you. When things look suspicious, ught to be indignant. as they do occasionally, my hand is al-

vardness of age," he added, half mourn-

But the clergyman continued his apolo-"Accidents will happen, you know. I'm ure you will allow for age, sir. How infortunate of me, to be sure! I must say for that tumbler, though; it's all 1 an do to show my regret at the incident Now, I insist, sir," he said, as he saw hat Halderton was about to interrupt to say is correct. Tomorrow I may have stones to the tune of \$100,000 in my bag.

im, "I insist on paying."

Whereupon he called the waiter and aid for the broken glass there and then He took his departure, conceit and self-assurance showing in every movement of ettling his own bill at the same time. Then he turned to Balderton again.

"Good morning, sir," returned the oth-r, semewhat mollified—certainly calmly. It was fully two hours after this inci -two hours that proved invaluable to the elever thief. All in ignorance as to what inished his repast, sat for half an hour eading the copy of the "Church Times" apart from the rest, whom he eyed some-what cynically, was engaged with thoughts entirely different. He had taken which his clerical acquaintance had con fatton Garden to see the head of the

irm, in an important order.

Here he found that the diamonds had ser examination showing that his ag had, in some mysterious way, been hanged for one full of bogus packages. It lawned upon him that he had been outgeously fooled.

man was evident from his walk and man-ner. Besides, he stood on the club books No time was lost. Very soon the smart as Capt. N. R. Forbes. But who his per-ple were, or where he came from, he st men at Scotland Yard were engaged in the case. Descriptions of the daring riminal, or rather descriptions of his disever enlightened anyone on these subects, and, as a consequence, nobody could give any definite information conruise, were telegraphed all over the country. Some of the papers issued specia erning him.
As a matter of fact, he had been cash editions giving a detailed account of the affair. That same night the one subject of conversation in London was the diaered through inability to pay gambling lebts. He went by the name of "Fraser" mond robbery. Balderton came in for general commiscration. For once, he was not quite so confident and self-asn those days, and no one was likely to arch out his past by looking over old ured. In fact, he had a very dejected appearance when he called at the club ied the whole of his attention. For some me he had been in low water financial-

hat night. Here everybody was full of sympathy Il of them, including the polite Captain orbes, expressing the hope that the im-udent thief would soon be brought to stice. He never was. The police could pon. All trace of man or diamonds had peared as completely as if they had

A week later the White Star Liner Oce- was entirely. urged up onto the vessel's deck was Cap-ain Forbes, clad in tourist's garb, and arrying a small portmanteau in each

proceeded at once to his cabin, for the ceing that everything was snug and shipshape. Having satisfied himself on this head, he locked the cabin door and

eturned to the dock. Here, leaning negligently against the romenade deck rail, just aft the bridge, e watched with interest the animated cene around him. What joy would have filled the heart of Detective Inspector Humle, of Scotland fard had he divined the fact that within we yards of where he stood was his

way yards of where he stood was his marry, the perpetrator of the most darge robbery in the annals of crime. The steamer's alren blew loud and brill, warning all who had no desire for younge to clear off the decks. Among sem was the disappointed detective. Slowly the great liner moved down the ver, past ships of all nations. Soon the large rolling waves told that they had eached the owen as a ached the open sea. Captain Fortes was pacing up and down a deck, occasionally glanding

What It Means. (From the Philadelphia Record.)

Willie Pa, what is a "burglar-proof safe? Pa-That morely means that when you find is safe blown upon and robbed it a proof that orgians have been at it. Nothing to Envy.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Have you seen your brother's flan

No, but I fancy she's very home Jess-No, but I fancy she's very homely. Tess-Why? Jess-My brother says all her girl friends speak of her in the highest terms.

Mrs. Holmes-I don't donbt it; and you'll be lacky if you escape what you deserve A Safe Plan. (From the San Francisco Bulletin.)

Sauntering Sam-Madam, I'm a deserving

Tatterdon Rarges-Tinley, I know a graft dat rould save lots o' trouble after a sea fight. Tinley Cannes-Wot's it? Tatterdon Rarges-I'd pull straws to see which Points of View.

(From the Kaknsas City Times.)

Lady Visitor (in prison)-It's a wonder you ever thought of looking higher than being a

convict No. 6,172-Well, yer see, lady, dere in't much in second-story work. Emphasis.

(From the New Orleans Times-Dem The Briton gives his head a little twist; The Dago simply jablers and gesticulates

And he always makes his gestures with his

The Grasso'the Graves

I had strolled into the churchyard of Father Roger's tombstone; an' the result I had strolled into the churchyard of Faither Roger's tombstone; an' the result Ballycarney, partly because of its quaint was that the fame o' my goats spread from the Heights of Irelan' to Kilmore City. I made money, hand over fist; an' cornwell's cannon balls had whistled their war hymns. To my disgust I found the sacred enclosure everywhere infested by goats. Goats browsed among the tombs, clanking their hobbling chains over the graves of the departed. There was that the fame o' my goats spread from the Heights of Irelan' to Kilmore City. I made money, hand over fist; an' every penny went into goats, until I had so many bastes that divil another could find room over Father Kavanagh. So I took a quiet rayson wid myself, d'ye seeman' it was that the fame o' my goats spread from the Heights of Irelan' to Kilmore City. I made money, hand over fist; an' every penny went into goats, until I had so many bastes that divil another could find room over Father Kavanagh. So I took a quiet rayson wid myself, d'ye seeman' it was that the fame o' my goats spread from the Heights of Irelan' to Kilmore City. I made money, hand over fist; an' every penny went into goats, until I had so many bastes that divil another could find room over Father Kavanagh. So I took a quiet rayson will my self-the could find room over father knew the father Roger's tombstone; an' the result was that the fame o' my goats spread from the Heights of Irelan' to Kilmore City. I made money, hand over fist; an' every penny went into goats, until I had so many bastes that divil another could from the Heights of Irelan' to Kilmore City. I made money, hand over fist; an' every penny went into goats, until I had so many bastes that the fame o' my goats. over the graves of the departed. There were goats in the ruined chancel, where those rugged chieftains the O'Carneys, of Ballycarney, rested shoulder to shoulder.

"I says to myself: 'Tis not the grass that counts, but the man that's buried under the grass. Graze a goat over a There were goats in the bleak, nettlegrown space towards the north-Rally-carney's potter's field. One could scarcely

It was not strange, under these circum stances, that I should anathematize goats.
I did so, and with emphasis. The words
were 'hardly out of my mouth' (to use
an Irish idlom) when from the old church there stepped forth a grey and wizened bunchback. It was Danny Nowian, the arish sexton, tutelary ganius of

stir for goats, of every size, color, and age, from the Ri-tempered patriarch of

his tribe to the kid of vesterday's wean-

Take shame to yourself," cried the little grave digger, "for spakin' words the like o' them. Little ye know, I'll go sail, that my goats are no common one Little ye think that comes among them wid a gibe on your lips that the sowl of a man dwells under the hairy hide of every goat in Ballycarney churchyard!"

I have fads of my own, and lunacy is out an exaggeration of the fad. So I did not smile at the queer hunchback, crazy as he seemed to be. Instead, I craved his indulgence and the pardon of his roats, pleading ignorance in excuse for my hasty language.

Danny Nowlan was mollified. "Sure an' if ye didn't know," he said, "ye couldn't be expected to understand. Sit ve down on the stone there—'tis ould Sir Geoffrey O'Carney's by the same token—an' I'll be tellin' ye all about myself an' the goats." I took my seat accordingly upon Sir Geoffrey's sepulchre, while Danny ex-pounded to me what he termed his "thayory." "As sexton o' the churchyard," he said. "I have the rights o' the grass-meanin', d'ye see, that I can graze any bastes belongin' to me on the graves.

An' 'ils good, rich grass, your honor, that grows in these churchyards. But the stuff that's in the grass, sure, that difers wid every grave-an' that's where 'I started wid one solltary goat, because was poor then, an' hadn't learned wisiom. That single goat, combined wid astural gift of observation, taught me all know. Today I have a neat house berant, an' five-an'-fifty pound in the Kil-nore Bank. All along o' the goats-an'

the grass o' the graves. "You see, I didn't like to put my one goat on the graves o' the dacint people, because I thought their childer an' them that belonged to them mightn't like it. So I just hobbled my lad over beyant, where the potter's field is, an' all the tramps an' ne'er-do-wells are laid. Would ye believe it? After three weeks' feedin' in the potter's field, chains an' staples ouldn't hould that goat! He became the corst blackguard an' the worst wanderer -savin' your presence, for 'tis a wanderer ou are yourself-in the barony o' Sileve-arney. Divil a day but I had to go straniglin afther him-a mighty hard thing or a poor boy wid a back like mine

"Well, one mornin' while I was leading liver Crummle (I called him Crummlecause I knew no good of him)-while ters in the potter's field, word came to me of a buryin'. So I just tied Oliver to the nearest tombstone an' left him there. I ever noticed at the time that the grave belonged to Father Roger Kavanagh (God rest his soul!)—the best prigst an' the best man that ever died in the par-ish of Ballycarney. Ye can tell what a saint Father Roger was by seein' the nd no clue. They had nothing to proceed have the shortest epitaphs. Father Rogstone-for 'tis mostly the best men that er's real tomb is in the poor people's

anic was due to leave the Mersey for New York. Among the motiey crowd that mle is half-way to Castle Carney by this time,' So out I goes; an' there, if you'll With the instinct of an old traveler he | believe me, was Oliver Crammle, squattin aisily on his hunkers, eatin' away at the grass on Father Roger's grave, just as if he had never strolled a furlong from the spot in his life.

" 'Arrah, then, Oliver, ma boucha,' says I, 'if your new quarters suit you so well, on may as well stick to them. there he stayed, tied to the priest's tomb. "Your honour, that gost got so well-be-haved that I took the chain off his leg altogether. You couldn't coax him awa so sad when I called him 'Crummle' that I changed his name to 'Owen Roe.' The farmers heard tell of his convarsion, an' came from miles around to see him. In his ould wicked days he used to ask nothin' better than to break out an' eat Madam Carney's fancy garden hedges to the castle; an' his change o' sperrit so pleased Madam Carney that, 'pen my sowkins, she offered me five guineas for the craythur. Wid the money I hought two young goats instead of one. "After all, fortune favors the bold," son from Owen Rec, late Oliver Crummis, No more goals went to graze in potter's or dinner.—Pearson's Weekly.

tramp or a blackguard, an' he'll turn out blackguard or tramp. But graze your goat over a dacint, honest man, an' you'll have a dacint, honest goat. The misy to see the dayduction I made from them facts—as Mr. Carney himself admitted to me afterward.
"Well, Father Roger's grave bein' occu-

pled, I had to look around for a new piece o' good man's grass. 'I'll try the quality next,' says I; an' I tied my new goats to the very stone you're sittin' on-the tomb of ould Geoffrey O'Carney, Mr. Carney's ancestor, that was lord here before Yel-low William's time. The goats turned out well enough in point o' dacincy; but they got so mortal proud off that O'Carney grass that they were no use any more. They turned up their noses at nettles and prassheoch. Nothin' but the best an' tin dherest grass was good enough for the likes o' them; for the ould O'Carney sap had got into their veins, an' there's no finer an' no outdher blood in Leinster than the same O'Carneys-or Carneys, as they call themselves now, since every gombeen man sticks an 'O' to his father's name. Sure, that's the Carney pride all over! They'd rather sacrifice the 'O' that they fought for six hundrhed year an' more than share it wid them that had no call to it. Well, anyhow, the goats that grazed over Sir Geoffrey an' his wife (she was a Butler of Or mond) turned out so haughty that I had to give them to the priest-because, ye see, 'tis the custom in these parts to take

all your troubles to the church. "By-an'-by my thayory worked so well, an' I made so much by grazin' goats over good, quiet men, that I could afford to expayriment—as Mr. Carney calls it. Them expayriments would fill a book "I grazed a goat on Marty Dowling the preacher's grave; an' that goat never cared for his own grass, but loved nothin' so much as stealin' from his neighbor. Another goat fed over Larry Gaffagan (the best hurler, runner, an' lepper in the parish was Larry!); an' the divil himself couldn't hould that baste. Wid my own two eyes I saw him take the big inthrance gates at Castle Carney in one bound. He could run faster than the wind, an' Mr. Carney called him "The Athlete." Ye can see for yourself how he became an ath-

"But the last o' my expayriments was wid the goat I took outside the wall to where murdherers an' suicides-mighty few o' the like was ever in Ballycarney!has to be buried. One dark night the poor, misguided crayture burst his chain, gored two other goats to death, and was found drowned in the River Feoir next morning. There he lay-murdherer an' suicide in one; an' 'twas all my fault for grazin' him where I did.

"That brought me remorse o' conscience any more expayriments. The good goats that could stand a bit o' divilment, I put on the graves o' playboys an' merry fellows; an' the bad goats, that were far gone in wickedness, were hobbled over fine, dacint men, like Father Roger Kavanigh. But the goats that were too poor-sperrited an' humble beyond rayson I brought to the O'Carney graves, where the grass is so proud it wouldn't grow daisies. An' the outcome o' my thayory, your honor, is that my goals keep at the same level all the year round. Sorra finer breed o' goats ye'll find from here to the

Danny paused abruptly at this junc-ture-his crooked figure assuming an attitude of the keenest attention. Indeed, of his own goats about the little man as he listened eagerly, snuffing the air, goatble. Then, clambering upon Sir Geoffrey's churchyard. A light of comprehension ped from his perch. Meanwhile my own duller ears had caught the sound which disturbed my mentor, the distant clashing

of gont horns. "Mulsha! Mulsha!" cried the little sexten; "'tis the thayory workin', your horor. Last night I shifted a dacint goat from Father Roger's grave to where Lanty Horan-the swearin', swaggerin', fighting blackguard-lies under the blackthorn beyant; an' the goat that was browsin over poor Lanty I dragged wid great trouble to Father Roger's blessed

"An' what, think you, is the result of the thransfer? There's Lantry Horan's savage goat turned as mild as spring wa: ter, grazin' peaceably, an' strivin' to for very same nice, gentle goat that I took May I die an Orangeman, if Father Ro ger's goat hasn't been utterly ruinated by I don't make haste, he'll pack my latest

convart into goat's flesh."

And away limped Danny Nowlen to prevent any further mischlef which might arise from the too accurate workings of "the graza o' the graves."-Cornhill Magazine

Might Make Or Mar.

Miss Penchibles-Did you enjoy yourself on

your vacation?
Kodak Idiot-1 can tell you better after the films that I exposed are developed.

The Other Side.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Ah, yes?" exclaimed the sentimental youth, "woman is traity like try on the ruined wall. The more dilapitated you become the more also

## CURRENT HUMOR

At the Zoo.

(From Judge.) Smith—They say the elephant has a poetry of motion peculiar to himself, but I cannot understand it. Can yet?

Junes—Not at all. It must be the magazine poetry of motion.

chmen shrug their shoulders when they want

But when it comes to emphasis and making mat And telling just exactly how he feels. The mule is more emphatic than all the

Question of Blood. tell you, said the tonsorial artist, "a barber must be born."

Her Objection. (From Town Topics.)

(From Smart Sel.) He-It was hard work to keep from kissing you last night.

She-Well, you must be careful not to over-exert yourself, Jack. clings to you.
"And say is like woman," snarled the old
bachelor, "the more she clings to you the more
dilapidated you become."

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)
"He ces," said the French traveler, "with you call 'ze roundsman. He say he have be long on ze beat. I ask beem: What you around? He say se skevaire. Oh, zees language

(From the Baltimore American.)

"H's a good thing," mused Noah, as the Ark whirled around for the two hundredth time "that this voyage isn't occurring 5,000 or 6,000 years later. We have already mademore loops than there are in a crochet pattern."

(From the London Tif-Bits.) When General Moreau was in England he was

When General Moreau was in England he was once the victim of a rather droll misunderstanding. He was present at a concert where a piece was sung by the choir with the obline. Tomorrow, tomorrow.

Having a very imperfect knowledge of English he fancied it to be a cautata given in his honer, and thought he distinguished the words:

"To Moreau, to Moreau."

Each time the refrain was repeated he rose to his feet and gracefully bowed on all sides, to the great astonishment of the audience, who did not know what to make of it.

Unreasonable. (From the New York Weekly.)

(From the New York Weekly).

Mrs. Strungmind—All this talk about young women not knowing low to cook is perfect non-sense. All the young married women I know are better cooks than their mothers, or grand-mothers, either. Take Mrs. De Style, for instance, she has half a dozen medals, awarded by the finest cooking schools in the city.

Old Backelor—I dined several times with Mr. De Style, and the cooking was wretched.

Mrs. Strongmind—Goodiness me! You don't expect a woman with a bonse full of servants to do the cooking herself, do you?

A Narrow Escape.

(From the Ohio Stafe Journal.)

"Who comes there!" called little Willie, the sentry, in threatening tones, as he brought his deadly wooden gun into shooting position.

"A friend!" answered little Tommie from behind the rocking chair.

"Advance and give the countwrign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head off."

An ominous silence followed this terrible threat, then Tommie and paintively:

"Twe fergot it."

"You can't remember nuthin'," exclaimed willie in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Cum (From the Ohio State Journal.)